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GAR SQUARE.

OPEN JEANNETTE PARK

The park at Coenties Slip is closed daily at 5 o'clock. It is time that such an absurd affront to the poor dwellers in that neighborhood should cease at once.

This little inclosure is a breathing space, a cool, green recreation ground for the needy dwellers in its immediate vicinity. Why, in the name of common sense, should it be blocked off for them at the very time of all others when, after their day's hard toil, they could enjoy its refreshment most? The season is now advanced enough to make evenings passed in the little park most enjoyable.

THE EVENING WORLD secured the opening of Stuyvesant Park for the heated inmates of the tenements on the east side. It now demands, as a right for the people, that Jeannette Park be open to them at those hours when it is most available and advantageous—namely, from sundown till 10 o'clock at night.

There should be no delay in doing this act of simple justice.

Open Jeannette Park.

THE "ZOO" FOR THE PEOPLE.

There ought to be in New York a fine Zoological Garden belonging to the city, to which the public may have easy and free access. The Assembly did an excellent thing in rejecting a bill which sought to give to a private corporation the use of Park land for such a garden. A Zoological exhibit is an educational one, and almost as desirable from an educational standpoint as a Museum of Natural History.

In point of recreation for the people such a collection is surpassed by nothing. The late lamented Crowley has been the cause of more good hygienic laughter than the greatest comedian on the New York stage, whoever he may be.

Plenty of space should be set apart for a Zoological Garden in some public park where there is room for it—as there is not in Central Park. The city should have unfettered control of it, so that it be as neat and attractive as such a collection of animals permits.

AFRICAN EXPLORERS

The adventurous souls who penetrate so greedily into the "Dark Continent" have many perils before them. One is that of figuring as a breakfast dish for some hungry chief who may have conquered them in a fight.

There is something ignoble to the mind of the plucky European in the thought that he is to be contributory to the adipose tissue and muscles of an unkempt savage. If one were to be eaten by his brother man, he would prefer to be served with a delicacy suited to the exquisiteness of himself as a viand. Nothing but a chef, a masterly "cordon bleu," should turn him into chops and steaks.

One French commander near the Congo has been spitted and devoured like a common animal. Alas! that any path of glory should lead through such dark distressing way.

The milk producers of this State have met in conclave, and talked, argued and worried over the price of milk. The lack of ice this Summer is going to put the creameries to great straits. Nearly all the deliberations of the milkmen were on this vital point of price. One has only to reflect on what his morning coffee would be deprived of its milk to see the importance of this article of commerce.

Reports of incoming mariners certify to an abundant crop of watersports at this time. When one considers how easily the supply can exceed the demand in the matter of watersports, the news is not soothing or salubrious for seafarers.

A poor worm of a husband has turned again. His wife was "going through his pockets." A husband's pockets should be his own, especially the inside, right-hand breast-pocket of his coat. All husbands will sympathize with the victim.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Street-Cleaning Commissioner Bettie has restricted the city so that thirty-three additional men will be needed in his Department, and Tammany place-hunters call him blessed. The Commissioner protests that he will not increase the pay roll by making the appointments, but the boys think that their importunities will make him change his mind in this regard.

Ex-Senator Michael C. Murphy is but a shadow of his former self. He is hardly recovered from severe illness, which until quite recently kept him confined to his house.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fanny Davenport's board costs her \$3 a week. She lives wholly on toast almost black with carbon and weak green tea.

Silk skirt-waists under fancy jackets, high ruffles forming part of the turn-over collar, pointed girdles, and open French Guard coats, with very natty shirt fronts or fancy vests, will all be entirely permissible next season.

The only underclothing I wear, writes Mrs. Langtry, is of pink batiste, a much lighter material than flannel. It is very foolish for women who pass the greater part of their time in houses, theatres, churches, stores and cars heated to Summer heat to go away like minxes in red or white flannel. Of what benefit when they have occasion to go out in the cold is this heavy underclothing to which they have accustomed themselves in their warm homes? I keep myself warm when out of doors in cold weather by wearing heavy outer wraps, and I change from heavy to lighter ones or vice versa as the temperature changes.

Many of the Worth Summer silk dresses are made with plain round skirts finished with three, five or seven rows of ribbon.

Among the recent discoveries interesting to women is that frowns may be eradicated by cutting muscles between the bridges of the nose and the roots of the hair. So many women who through fretting, ill health or other causes have acquired those little wrinkles on the brow now have them skillfully removed by the surgeon's knife.

Venetian lace is a feature of the Summer dress. This rare and costly fabric is arranged Louis XIII. fashion, in points for collar, cuffs, waist and skirt trimmings on soft and heavy silks. The decoration costs as much as the Summer silk, but it is both beautiful and durable. Laces of all kinds from a cobweb-like fineness and delicacy to a string consistency are used and admired by women of cultivated taste. *entresous* is possible with a few yards of this costly of dress to remodel and refreshen the favorite toilet that one has not the heart or the means to abandon.

When Prince Bismarck decided to marry in 1846 he wrote this to his sister, Countess Armin: "If his Satanic Majesty does not meddle in the affair, I have decided to take unto myself a wife. I am tired of this solitary life without any serious object. Since our father's death I feel lonely and melancholy. I must be in love." Surely, this was the case, for soon after his encratement to marry the young Countess Jane Puttkamer was announced, and on the 25th of July, 1847, the wedding took place.

Here is "Bob's" definition of a clever woman:

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who mistress of tact and known how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverest.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea, she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who acknowledges her neighbor's right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone is the motive power of the world.

A clever woman is the one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

A clever woman is the woman my friend, that you and I should want for a guide, counsellor and friend.

SPOUTLES.

The water's pout is ever so much more dangerous than any other kind of a pout.

A mother disposed of a two-year-old impudent to her marriage by dropping the boy in a creek. She found afterwards that a boy in the creek was infinitely more disturbing than a break in a door.

Harless is kicking against Mrs. Seaman's appointment as teacher. They think she might be able to teach the pack, but not the A. B. C.'s.

A street—a maid of many tons; Some boys are playing ball; A "curve," a "rise," a hollow croon—Doubled up "at" home—that's all.

The Turkish authorities recently saw some reference to Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, and fearing it was sedition made out an order for Paul's arrest. Cruel Turks!

A Philadelphia paper has begun to joke about Queen Fourier. Four men: There are worse fates than being electrified to death.

How appropriate it seems for a butcher to be found in a meat-house.

The discussion about the nudes in art has been renewed. One thing is sure; there can be no new dirty about nudity.

The sword William is going to send the Sultan is understood not to be the "Sabre de mon Pere."

WORLDLINGS.

Lotta is said to be by all odds the richest actress in America. Her fortune is estimated at \$1,000,000, \$400,000 of which is in Government bonds.

Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of France, is reported to be one of the most graceful ladies in Parisian society. Her toilettes are models of the designer's art, her manners are unassuming, and her appearance is most prepossessing.

Mr. George Elliott, the wealthy English capitalist and baronet, is of quite humble origin. In his youth he was a colliery hand in the Durham coal pits, of which he successively became overseer, manager and owner.

Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant draw special pensions from the Government of \$4,000 each. They are also entitled to the franking privilege, a privilege that has been the pay roll by making the appointments, but the boys think that their importunities will make him change his mind in this regard.

Fred Pfleider is the newly elected President of the Greenwich Athletic Club. By reason of his enthusiasm for athletic sports he has a strong card with his fellow-members.

C. H. Barton thinks it good fun to plough through books, climb hills and plunge through creeks, for the sake of the variety of cross-country routes, and he is one of them; the club is the Union Athletic Club-Harris.

The Aldermen are holding up their hands in horror at the news from Albany and protesting that the Common Council in its worst days was never so bad as the present legislature.

Gen. Major Grace claims to be an independent Democrat and a member of no faction of the party. He attended a conference of the County Democratic leaders last night, however, and spoke a speech which he spoke of the necessity of strengthening the Assembly District organizations for the coming campaign.

George Compton has an acquisition to any political organization, and of his party, in particular. He is a cricket field and thinks it actually ranks with baseball as a game. He is himself a fair player of the game, and holds the office of Secretary of the Staten Island Cricket Club.

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George Compton is thought to be the fastest runner in Jersey City. One hundred yards in his favorite distance.

POETS' FANCIES.

SHE GAUGED HIS GUILT.

The Value of Her Husband's Gift Was the Barometer of His Faults.

Oftentimes women gauge a man so truly as to startle him, says Julian Ralph in "Chatter." For instance, the other day a well-known man from the interior of the State came here to spend a holiday. He is self-indulgent and a trifle weak, but not a bad fellow, by any means.

When he returned to his home he brought with him a seven-hundred-dollar watch, which he threw gallantly and carelessly around his shoulders. What do you suppose she said to him?

"My goodness, how pretty! How awfully handsome you must have been this day."

The guilty fellow (he was right to judge him, but he judged himself when he told me the story) looked pained, and asked me why she said so unkind a thing as that.

"Oh, I know you," said she: "I've known you a long time, and always judge you to have been a good boy."

Her husband had a small gold chain with a diamond set in it, which he had given to her.

"I'm the actor loves to sail, The sailor the hunter loves to hunt, Now I have a horse and ride him, Comes the horseman's sportive tail."

Balls and parties, gaiety and mirth, Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall, All are small; record the call, Sport of sports the name of ball.

JOHN HARVEY.

CEASELESS ENDEAVOR.

Dreaming the day away, Longing for what we may—

Seeking the sun to wing its flight, By hope and dream alone,

Never will bring it!

"Learn how to wait," they say, That's only half the fray—

Work you must over : Work on, work on, the day:

This is the only way,

CEASELESS ENDEAVOR!

THO. DOBE.

THE MUSE LOVES FREEDOM.

To map the careful details and to plan How to travel safe and walk through life is work for sage;

But who obeys these maxims, or what man Follows rules with an unabated pace?

The gentle God of Love, come to bid to stay, Will quickly break his bonds and learn to hate;

And one who tries to change a woman's way Will learn of trouble well when all too late.

The Muse loves freedom more than all of us,

Than man or woman or the God of Love.

She only comes to us as comes the breeze, And knows no more of rule than heav'n above.

THO. DOBE.

THE SATURDAY PARADE.

Up and down—

Up and down—

Pours the Broadway mob, Shooing and swell, Mingled peil-meil—

Walking's an awful job!

Chatter and smile, Up and down—

Up and down—

On each other's heels; they tread, Chaffing and joking, Mashing and smoking—

It's enough to turn your head!

M. F.

ENTRE NOUS.

What would I like? 'Tis hard indeed

To have my wishes granted; And tell you what is wanted.

I'd like a cottage in a wood, Where grows the oak and holly;

'Twould please my most fastidious mood And curb each youthful folly.

I'd like the healthful country air—

I'd wish to me the winter; But truth to tell, it's hard to bear.

I'd like an heiress better.

LILY C. DOYLE.

LINES TO "OUR MARY."

A face that beams with truth and love,

But that of that heavenly home above,

A regal and queenly mien.

Still sweet would be your virgin name,

Were all the earth's graces flown,

And all the world's charms yours.

But I'd trust to you the love and friendship pure,

Find faithful counterpart.

GALLARY GOD.

THE VIOLET.

I'm free from abomination and modest to view,

For I dwell in the grass sweet scented with dew.

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